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HERALDRY AND GENEALOGY.

By J. Shelton Mackenzie.

THE study of Heraldry has, for many years, been regarded as one of those lighter amusements which may legitimately occupy the idler moments of the wealthy gentleman, or the cursory attention of the antiquarian; but its practical uses have generally been ignored, and its quaint nomenclature has been held up to ridicule by the pretensions of a Tittlebat Titmouse. It is regarded as an institution amongst the decayed relics of a bygone age, when Feudalism was the system amongst European nations; and it is, consequently, associated with the ideas of Serfdom and Villainage so uncongenial to our democratic notions. At first sight, it seems to be one of the chief agents of haughty exclusiveness. Such is a generally-received and popular impression of the subject.

Heraldry, however, taken by itself, may, notwithstanding such prejudices, be shown to contain much practical utility, and, although congenial to an aristocratic régime, it is, nevertheless, easily susceptible of being adapted to the tastes and interests of more liberal communities. Indeed, in the study of History, no less than that of Antiquities, it may be found a great assistance; and to the advocate in the examination of pedigrees, in support of claims to lost inheritances and rights in landed or other property, it frequently renders essential service, and, in such cases, not so much to the wealthy aristocrat as to his long-forgotten kinsman whom many generations of poverty has reduced to a less fortunate social status.

During the troubles of the seventeenth century in England, and more particularly during the reign of Charles I., "the members of the opposition (1641) began to despair of the fortunes of their party, to tremble for their own safety, and to talk of selling their estates and emigrating to America;" and thus, many old and honorable families disappeared and were heard of no more, and many poor men rose rapidly to affluence.

During these political emigrations, Armorial Ensigns, to a great extent, disappeared, and their existence was only preserved in the time-worn records of Herald Colleges, unnoticed and unclaimed. Yet it is not unworthy of note that, attached

to most of the State papers of the Republican party when in power, the stout Roundhead's signature was almost invariably accompanied by his seal of Arms; and this is remarkable in that curious document, the warrant for the execution of Charles I., where, from Bradshaw downward, including the well-known Col. Gough, not a name occurs without its family seal.

On the more ancient tombstones and monuments throughout the West India islands, names peculiar to the above period, or at least more prominent in it, are constantly met with, and the heraldic adornments are generally sculptured, however rudely, with great accuracy. By a reference to these, as the impoverished descendants of the early settlers gradually recovered their fortunes by industry and perseverance, a clue was frequently obtained to their family origin, and thence to claims which otherwise would forever have been lost.

Where the population increases rapidly, and necessarily many persons bear exactly the same names, it appears desirable to distinguish one from another, and by no other means, saving that of great individual celebrity for the time being, can this be attained otherwise than by the adoption of an institution such as heraldry, albeit divested of its superfluous ceremonies and rules.

The extension of families sometimes gives them nominally the importance of tribes, such as the well-known Smiths and Joneses; but there are other families which, though numerically inferior, become so widely known that, like the descendants of the good old knight in *De la Motte Fouque* (*Tale of the Magic Ring*), one feels an interest in connecting the broken links which are scattered over various countries; such names, for instance, are those of Lawrence, of Fairfax, of Penn, of Pennington, of Lloyd. That of Washington has the advantage of a more striking celebrity, and in the one star of the first magnitude the smaller galaxy does not claim so much attention. But it is these stars of the second magnitude, so to speak, that do not appear conspicuous at first, but which, by their frequent recurrence in distinguished situations, claim our remark.

It is pleasing to recognize in the ambassador to the court of St. James the descendant of the president of the English Council of State in 1658; that the magistrate, the head of a corporation, or any

gentleman distinguished in the walks of literature, had such and such ancestors whose known principles or genius have been transmitted, unchanged or modified (but still recognizable), to his remote descendants. On the other hand, without such antecedents, it can scarcely be termed an unbecoming ambition in a prominent man amongst his fellow citizens to desire that his children should be remembered as the heirs of one who had faithfully discharged his duties to the State.

Benjamin Franklin had no long line of ancestry to refer to, but it would be satisfactory for his descendants to be known as of his peculiar family—just as the children and grandchildren of the Scottish bard have a just right to be proud of the notice brought upon them by the world-wide celebration of the centenary anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, and which was scarcely less honored in America than in the country itself of his birth. But Burns was a man who addressed his song to all nations, for he breathed the spirit of freedom; not a conventional freedom, suited to this or to that people, but the freedom recognized by an honest and independent heart, fearless in its own rectitude.

Now the descendants of the poet-ploughman bear "heraldic arms;" not the arms of a feudal ancestry, but such as will forever distinguish the family of the bard from the host of unknown persons of the same name. The pastoral crook, the shepherd's horn, and the "wee modest crimson-tipped flowers," are not surely unworthily placed on an escutcheon (call it by what name may be most agreeable), and may as honestly and proudly be maintained as the wheat-sheaves of the ancient Earl of Chester or the fabulous animals which support the arms of England's proud aristocracy.

Suppose that the word shield or escutcheon were dispensed with, and every householder, like a mark-Mason, had his peculiar device, to be used on a seal, the same being recorded officially in his native town or district, the idea of feudalism would then merge into an institution of practical utility, and such devices would be classed with those borne by mercantile firms, who thus practically acknowledge their use.

On the other hand, those whose ancestors bore arms in other countries might simply apply to the herald's colleges in those places, for copies of such ancestral

honors, and have them again recorded at the new institution.

From the earliest days, under all forms of government, no matter how moderate the pretensions, the pride of family has appeared more or less inherent in human nature. The Hebrews in the time of the "Judges" preserved their genealogies as carefully as they did at the period of their monarchy.

History seems to prove that it is rather under *despotic* governments that the distinctions of families are neglected. It has ever been so amongst the Persians, the Moguls, the Turks, and other Orientals; and the history of the Empire of the Romans shows that with the rise of the Cæsars commenced the extinction of those great houses which had in better times been the bulwarks of the Republic.

Many a well-educated man in England considers the arms of another equally his own, and that the caprice which adopts a peculiar badge or cognizance may be indulged by any one indiscriminately. But it is often overlooked that such a coat of arms is *personal property*—either the cheap reward of the risk of life and limb or reputation in the service of the State, or the "*quid pro quo*" which the honest citizen receives for his money and the respectability of his social relations.

Prior to the establishment of the English College of Arms on a royal foundation, in the reign of Richard III., it was the practice of the great feudal nobles (each of whom generally had his own herald, as Somerset, Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, &c.), as a reward for service in the field or council, to bestow on his chief vassals some portion of his own coat of arms, varied, more or less, according to the rank of the individual or the nature of the service performed. These grants were recorded by the herald and his pursuivant or scribe. Others received the armorial device in commemoration of some marked event of their lives.

Besides these arms proper, which were peculiar to individuals, there were badges and devices attached to great houses, all the members of which bore them. The Percys had their crescent; the Nevilles the bear and ragged staff; the Mowbrays had the mulberry tree; the Plantagenets their yellow broom (*planta geuista*); Henry the Seventh the rose and portcullis; York had a sun in splendor ("Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by the sun of York"). But

the chief badges of this family and its rival of Lancaster were, of course, the red and white roses, and, strange to say, such roses now bloom on the battle-field of Townton, and, according to a prevalent belief, they will not bear transplanting.

Of the nature of badges are the different heathers of the Scottish clans, and the flowers adopted as such by various nations, as the lily of France, the rose, thistle, and shamrock of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

From the sounding title, Herald's College, a stranger in London might be apt to imagine some imposing edifice, elaborated with florid Gothic ornamentation; but even the arms of the royal founder himself do not appear on the smoke-begrimed and somewhat mean exterior at Doctor's Commons, in which the "*vot et præterea nihil*" of chivalry is heard. "Rouge Dragon" and "Blue Mantle" can scarcely be recognized, as they flit by in paletot or shooting-coat, divested of embroidered tunic and emblems of office.

Indeed, heraldry within its own demesne, makes but a poor appearance compared with its gorgeous blazon on the stained glass of the Houses of Parliament at Westminster, or on the panels of sumptuous equipages in Hyde Park. Yet, from the obscure recesses of that dusty court at Doctor's Commons, emanate those marks of honor and of antiquity which are so much coveted by all classes; *there*, too, lies the secret, in some forgotten pedigree, which might cause the rich man and his poor neglected kinsman to change places.

The grandson of the last Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, was a joiner, and the true male heir of the Percys was a trunkmaker. It has happened that a poor weaver has been taken from the loom to possess a title and many a rich acre.

Much as arms originating in the Crusades are now esteemed by the great, they were in their own day held in little better repute by the uncompromising heralds than are now the gaudy quarterings of the *Nouveaux Riches*. Hereditary arms are believed to have been rare before the era of the Crusades. The distinction was generally personal. Even so late as the time of Froissart, we read of the renowned Sir John Chandos appearing in presence of the enemy in France in a splendid azure surcoat-of-arms, embroidered with the Virgin and Child in gold, which gave such offence to a great French knight, who was similarly attired, that he shouted out ra-

ther spitefully to him, "How is it that you English can't see a handsome thing but what you must try to imitate it?"

The devices on military standards often varied with the occasion, and bore some allusion to the expedition. Speed mentions a prince who, going against the Saracens, took for his device a crescent with the motto, "*Plenior Redibo*"—I shall return fuller. Thus, also, Richard Cœur de Lion, during his crusade, bore on his standard and broad seal two crescents, but on his return he changed them to the full moon.

In the earlier feudal ages, the eagle was a common cognizance in Germany, but it was then always, according to nature, single-headed. It owes the advantage of its second head to later princes and a more ambitious taste.

The white eagle of Poland was a more recent adoption, the original emblem having been a horseman. Saxony, likewise, exchanged her golden horse for an eagle of the same description.

The national arms of the United States are remarkable as seeming to embody to some extent the paternal arms of the great man whose name is so prominent in their annals, and the stars and stripes is perhaps unique as being the only national coat of arms in the New World which is derived from the age of chivalry. Brazil has her globe, Mexico her eagle, but both are the inventions of modern times, and bear no reference to the age in which such distinctions originated.

Some curious superstitions were occasionally mixed up with the armorial achievements of families, and it used to be believed that, as in the instance of the ducal house of Gwinne, the leopard was a proper bearing for families derived from faery amours. This odd idea is mentioned by Sir Walter Scott, and likewise by Mause, but why this animal should enjoy this distinction it seems difficult to ascertain.

In the heraldry of the Germans, Italians, and Spaniards, there are many peculiarities; in the first, the multiplicity of crests in the old families; in the second many various forms of escutcheon, and in all a great variety of tinctures, both of the arms themselves and of the mantling, which latter in England it has been customary to limit to two colors.

The noble blood of Spain was largely diluted with that of the Jews, a circumstance the more remarkable as in those

days the faithful were regarded as scarcely better, if not even worse, than the votaries of *Mohammed*.

The Italian knights had scarcely a nationality, but at Constantinople the flower of chivalry assembled to joust at tourney, and that then but little-known capital was the scene of many a stern tale of knight-errantry, and there, too, Russia first raised her head among the Varangian Guards.

During the last few years an interest has sprung up in America for those curious social treasures. The older parochial registers of the State, and many recent publications treating on this subject, have appeared at New-York and Albany.


Mr. Savage has lately contributed a valuable addition to the genealogical literature of America. Schoolcraft, Bungay, and Murphy, are other names connected with the same subject in the walks of biography, and the works of Mr. Joel Marnsell, of Albany, illustrate the value to be attached to that description of literature, which so greatly enhances local associations, while embodying the materials for future histories, which otherwise would moulder away unregarded by a large class, in the musty archives of public offices, until touched irremediably by Time's effacing finger. These gentlemen are the Dugdales, and Lysons, and Camdens of the New World, and however little the present generation may be disposed to encourage such laborers, it is almost certain that posterity will recur to their volumes with increasing interest, and acknowledge itself their debtor.

To urge a plea for heraldry in the present utilitarian days seems almost as ungrateful a task as to attempt to hold discourse with Bebyonis' mummy, with the hope of worming out the secret of four thousand years. Nevertheless, let the subject be dealt with as one capable of being adapted to the present progressive state of the civilized world. Let its more antiquated proportions be curtailed; give it the garb, in some measure, of every-day life; and if we smile at the idea of Eglintown tournaments and grotesque Lord Mayor pageantries, let us not forget that our forefathers meant more than we see on the emblazoned surface. These worthies of old were, in their own fashion, no less practical men than ourselves, and the lilies borne on the banners of the Anglo-Normans were more than meaningless playthings in the hands of an Edward or a Henry.

TWO HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

By T. B. Aldrich

I.—THE LEGEND OF THE JOCELYN HOUSE.

N the 17th of August, in the year 1655, the morning sun, resting obliquely on the gables and rooftops of Portsmouth, lighted up one of those strange spectacles not unusual in New-England at that period.

A woman was to be burned for witchcraft.

Goodwife Walforde, who lived with her son Reuben in a lonely, broken-down cottage, on the skirts of the village, had been seen, at various time, in divers places, to wring her hands and cry aloud, without any perceptible cause. The witchcraft superstition was then spreading like a pestilence over the country. Several persons possessed of devils, or cursed with unnatural and ungodly powers, had been executed at Salem; and as the woman Walforde had the doubtful reputation of telling fortunes, the cry of witchery flew like wild-fire from mouth to mouth, and a thousand vagaries, sometimes coined out of nothing perhaps, passed current as truth. One woman declared that she had repeatedly seen Goodwife Walforde flying on a broom-stick over Piscataqua river in the mist; another had caught her talking to six brindled cats in a wood; and more than one had observed a peculiar maroon-colored smoke issuing from her nostrils. So, of course, she was a witch.

The executive authorities took fire at these stories, the truth of which I do not doubt, and the old crone was brought before the Court of Assistants, and condemned to be publicly burnt, "according to ye righeous decision of ye Elders of ye Church—all God-fearing men."

Just as the sun fell across the spire of the humble church, a bell commenced tolling with mournful dissonance; and groups of men and women, from different streets, moved thoughtfully toward the Court-House, in front of which was an iron stake driven firmly into the ground. The crowd here assembled was composed of dismal-looking men with long pointed beards and sugar-loaf hats; children, serious for the moment; old men who seemed like children; and not a few of the gentler sex, arrayed in the voluminous gray hoods which, at that period, were

worn by the lower classes. Here and there, standing aloof from the common herd, were knots of the more wealthy and influential citizens with sombre, impenetrable countenances. No one spoke save in half-whispers, and a hum, as of innumerable bees, rose up from the multitude. This murmuring abruptly ceased, as Reuben Walforde came rushing, like a man demented, into the court-yard.

"Desist in your unholy purpose!" he cried, wringing his hands. "Are ye heathen, that ye would burn a harmless woman, in mid-day, here in New-England? Are ye men or beasts?"

"That's the witch's whelp," said a tall, straight-haired Puritan to a man beside him.

"What d' ye say?" cried Reuben Walforde, turning to the speaker, fiercely. "Shall I come there and strangle ye?"

He clutched the man's throat and shook him so stoutly that the Puritan's steeple-crowned hat flew some feet into the air and the by-standers laughed. At this moment, two persons on horseback joined the throng.

"The worshipful John Jocelyn!" passed from lip to lip.

Reuben Walforde released the terrified Puritan, who fell like a dead weight against his friend. The worshipful John Jocelyn, my ancestor, who rode a little in advance of his son Arthur, pushed through the rabble, never drawing rein until he reached the disputants.

"It ill behoves thee, Reuben Walforde," he said severely, "to be quarrelling like a drunken Indian, on such a day as this. Thou hadst best thank God," he added in a lower tone, "that the evil one hath not laid his hand on thee, as he hath on thy bedlam mother."

"Go thy way, worshipful John Jocelyn," returned the young man, scornfully. "Is it becoming in a magistrate, or any meaner man, to taunt misfortune? Go thy way, before I am tempted to lay hands on thy person, and make thee bite the dust."

At this violent and rebellious speech, the crowd swayed to and fro. The brow of the magistrate threatened a storm; but the cloud flitted by, and he said softly,

"I know not, Reuben Walforde, if I have ever injured thee or thine. I see how thou art beside thyself this day, and pity thee, or else I would have thee exhibited in the market-place for four-and-twenty hours."